THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1848. WHOLE NO. 1415.

Original Poetry.

LET ME LINGER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY NEMO.

Let me linger! Let me linger!
Call me not so soon away,
Flowers are blooming o'er the landscape,
Birds are warbling on the spray—
Birds that have made blessed music,
Since my heart could feel its power;
Flowers that I have gathered yearly,
Since my earliest rambling hour!

Let me linger! Let me linger!
Can I leave the olden place,
Where each object, linked to memory,
Seems a fond, beseeching face?
And the pathways where I've lingered,
Rapt in love's untold delight—
Can I leave them to a stranger,
Never more to greet my sight!

Let me linger! Let me linger!
In the shadow of that fane,
Sleeps a loved one. Oh! how cherished,
Tears may speak that flow in vain!
Who will tend the gentle flow'rets,
When that grave they're springing o'er?
Who will know the priceless treasure,
To this heart, it always bore!

Let me linger! Let me linger!
And when Summer flowers are gone;
When we feel the blight of Autumn,
And the blessed birds have flown,—
Then my heart will tear asunder,
Ties would keep it here for aye—
When that grave has lost its greenness,
Then I'll meet ye far away!

August 1st, 1848.

MY AIN KIN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Oh, these are na my ain kin,
These simmer friends o' mine;
I'm weary for my ain kin,
An' friends of auld lang syne.
There are mony faces round me,
Fall bright an' fair to see,
But they ne'er can fill the places
Of my ain kin to me.

When gay my voice is ringing,
These simmer friends o' mine
Will gather close about me
And praise each note an' line;
But when the "dark hour" holds me,
And I canna sing se fine,
They a' gang aff the gither,
These simmer friends o' mine.

Oh, weel I love my ain kin,
Those friends so kind an' true;
They would not thus forsake me,
But would love an' cheer me too.
Oh, would that I were wi' you,
My friends of auld lang syne;
For I canna trust the fancies
O' these simmer friends o' mine. CLARA.

Pictures of Life.

FROM THE COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE.

LIFE IN AMERICA.

BY MISS MARIA J. MC'INTOSH.

"Men and Manners in America" was the comprehensive title of a book issued some fifteen or twenty years ago, by a gentleman from Scotland, to whom, we fear, Americans have never tendered the grateful acknowledgments he deserved for his disinterested efforts to teach them to eat eggs properly and to give due time to the mastication of their food. This benevolently instructive work was the precursor of a host of others on the same or kindred topics. America has been a standard subject for the trial essays of European tyros in philosophy, political economy, and book-making in general. Society in America has been presented, it would seem, in all its aspects, religious, educational, industrial, political, commercial, and fashionable. Our schools and our prisons, our churches and our theatres, have been in turn the subject of investigation, of unqualified censure, and scarce less unqualified laudation.

The subject thus dissected, put together and dissected again, has not been able to forbear some wincing and an occasional outcry when the scalpel has been held by a more than usually unskilful hand—demonstrations of sensibility which have occasioned apparently as much disapprobation as surprise in the anatomists. We flatter ourselves that there is peculiar fitness in the metaphor just used, for the outer form only of American life has been touched by these various writers. Its spirit, that which gives to it its peculiar organization, has evaded them as completely as the soul of man, the keenest investigations of the dissecting-room. Even of the seat of that spirit—of the point whence it sends forth its subtle influences, giving activity and direction to every member—of the homes of America, they have little real knowledge. The anatomist—the reader will pardon the continuation of a figure so illustrative of our meaning—the anatomist knows that not only can he never hope to lay his finger upon the principle of life, but that ere he can pry into those cells in which its mysterious processes are evolved, they must have been dismantled of all that could have guided him to any certain deductions respecting its nature and mode of action. And seldom is the eye of the stranger, never that of the professed book-maker, suffered to rest upon our homes till they have undergone changes that will as completely baffle his penetration. Nor is this always designedly. It is frequently from a delicate instinct which shrinks from subjecting its most sacred and touching emotions to the rude gaze and ruder comment of the world.

We have been led to these observations by certain events of which we have lately become informed, and which we are about to present to our readers as illustrative of some peculiarities of social life in America, and especially of the new development of character manifested by women under the influence of these peculiarities.

The ringing of bells, the firing of cannon, the huzzaing of the assembling multitude on the public announcement in London of the victory of Waterloo, must have seemed a bitter mockery to many a heart mad with the first sharp agony of bereavement. "The few must suffer that the many may rejoice," say the statesman and the warrior while they plan new conquests. It may be so, but we have at present to do with the sufferings of the few.

On the list of the killed in that battle appeared the name of Horace Danforth, Captain in the 41st Regiment of Infantry. It was a name of little note, but there was one to whom it was the synonym of all that gave beauty or gladness to life; and ere the bells had ceased to sound, or the eager crowd to huzza, her heart was still. With her last quivering sigh had mingled the feeble wail of a new-born infant.

Thus was Horace Maitland Danforth ushered into life. He had been born at the house of his maternal uncle, Sir Thomas Maitland, and as his ...

... was necessary to the perfection of Maitland Park, and when Sir Thomas said to him, "Marry, Horace—do not be an old bachelor like your uncle," —though he answered nothing, he vowed in the inmost recesses of his heart that it should not be his fault if he did not obey the injunction. Yet to the world it seemed wholly his own fault that at twenty-seven he had not given to Maitland Park a mistress, and even he himself could not attribute his continued celibacy to the coldness or cruelty of woman; for, in truth, though he had "knelt at many a shrine," he had "laid his heart on none." If hardly pressed for his reason, he might have said with Ferdinand,

> "For several virtues
> Have I liked several women; never any
> With so full soul, but some defect in her
> Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owned,
> And put it to the foil."

He who after the death of his uncle continued to urge Sir Horace most on the subject of matrimony, was the one of all the world who might have been supposed least desirous to see him enter into its bonds. This was Edward Maitland, a distant cousin somewhat younger than himself, to whom he had been attached from his boyhood, and who had been saved by his generosity from any of those painful experiences to which a very narrow income would otherwise have subjected him. It had more than once been suggested to Edward Maitland, that should his cousin die unmarried, he might not unreasonably hope to become his heir, as he was supposed to be uncontrolled by any entail in the disposal of his property, and had few nearer relations than himself, and none with whom he maintained such intimate and affectionate intercourse. Nor could Edward Maitland fail to perceive that his own value in society was in inverse ratio to the chances of the Baronet's marrying, as a report of an actual proposal on the part of the latter had more than once occasioned a visible declension in the number and warmth of his invitations. These considerations appeared, however, only to stimulate the young man's activity in the search of a wife for his cousin. Had he been employed by a marriage broker with a prospect of a liberal commission, he could scarcely have been more indefatigable.

"Well, Horace," exclaimed the younger Maitland, as the two sat loitering over a late London ...

Our Portrait Gallery.

SMITH O'BRIEN, THE IRISH LEADER.

Hunting Adventure.

FROM THE KNICKERBOCKER.

RANDOM SKETCHES.

BY A KENTUCKIAN.

Who ever saw Bravo, without loving him? His sloe black eyes, his glossy skin, fleeced here and there with blue; his wide spread thighs, clean shoulders, broad back, and low drooping chest bespoke him the stag hound; and none who ever saw his bounding form, or heard his deep toned bay, as the swift footed stag flew before him, would dispute his title. List, gentle reader, and I will tell you an adventure.

A bright frosty morning in November, 1838, tempted me to visit the forest hunting grounds.—On this occasion I was followed by a fine looking hound, which had been presented to me, a few days before, by a fellow sportsman. I was anxious to test his qualities, and knowing that a mean dog will often hunt well with a good one, I had tied up the eager Bravo, and was attended by the strange dog alone. A brisk canter of half an hour, brought me to the wild forest hills. Slackening the rein, I slowly wound my way up a brushy slope, some three hundred yards in length. I had ascended about half way when the hound began to exhibit evident signs of uneasiness; and at the same instant a stag sprung out from some under brush near by, and rushed like a whirlwind up the slope. A word, and the hound was crouching at my feet, and my trained Cherokee, with ear erect and flashing eye, watched the course of the affrighted animal.

On the very summit of the ridge, full one hundred and fifty yards distant, every limb standing out in bold relief against the clear blue sky, the stag paused, and looked proudly down upon us.—After a moment of indecision I raised my rifle, and sent the whizzing lead upon its errand. A single bound, and the antlered monarch was hidden from my view. Hastily running down a ball, I ascended the slope, my blood ran a little faster, as I saw the "gouts of blood" which stained the withered leaves where he had stood. One moment more, and the excited hound was leaping breast high on his trail, and the gallant Cherokee bore his rider like lightning after them.

Away—away! for hours, we did thus hasten on without once being at fault, or checking our headlong speed. The chase had led us miles from the starting point, and now appeared to be heading up a creek, on one side of which rose a precipitous hill some two miles in length, which I knew the wounded animal would never ascend. Half a mile further on, another hill reared its bleak and barren head, on the opposite side of the rivulet. Once fairly in the gorge there was no exit, save at the upper end of the ravine. Here then I must intercept my game, which I was able to do by taking a near cut over the ridge, that saved at least a mile.

Giving one parting shout to cheer my dog, Cherokee bore me headlong to the goal. ...

Life in New York.

THE NEEDLEWOMAN.

FROM THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

The Tribune has already contained a series of statistical articles on the subject of female labor, which gave many curious and surprising facts. Our object at present is to review things in the general, for the purpose of giving the reader a comprehensive view of the various classes into which Society in the metropolis is divided. It will be sufficient, therefore, for our purpose to present in a few words the average prices paid for various kinds of needlework, at the principal and prosperous establishments.

Common cotton shirts, and flannel under-shirts, six cents each. A good seamstress can run up two of these shirts per day; and even a very swift hand, by working from sunrise to midnight, can make three—being 75 cents per week for the common workers, and \$1.12½ cts. for the swiftest; of course allowing nothing for holidays, sickness, accidents, being out of work, &c., &c. Good cotton shirts, with linen bosoms, neatly stitched, are made for twenty-five cents apiece. A good seamstress will make one in a day, thus earning \$1.50 per week, by constant labor. Fine linen shirts with plaited bosoms, which cannot be made by the very best hands short of fifteen to eighteen hours steady work, are paid fifty cents each. An ordinary hand can make a garment of this kind in two days. Trowsers, overalls, drawers, under-shirts, &c., &c., pay a shilling apiece to the seamstress, who can make one and perhaps two a day. Cloth pantaloons, vests, &c., pay eighteen to fifty cents—very seldom the latter price—and a woman makes, on the average, about one a day. Thus, not to prolong these details, it may be stated, in a word, that the seamstress who is fortunate enough to get steady work, earns from seventy-five cents to two dollars a week. Besides these, it is necessary to state that the dress-makers, or at any rate the great majority of them, get absolutely nothing for their work. The way it is managed is this: The proprietors of the large dress-making establishments receive a great number of apprentices, who remain six months for nothing, boarding themselves in the ...

[illegible]

A LOVE LETTER.

[illegible]

JAS. E. SCOTT.

Varieties.

A LEGEND.

We find in a late sermon of Theodore Parker, the following story. The subject of the discourse ...

[illegible]

ANCIENT AND MODERN PRICES (WRITTEN IN 1790.)

[illegible]

A WOMAN'S LOVE.

[illegible]

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1848.

REMOVAL.

Our subscribers will please take notice that we have removed the office of the Post, from No. 66 Chesnut Street, to No. 66 South Third Street, first house below the Girard Bank. Our office is in the *second* story, above that of the North American.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large clubs for the mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it outshines all competition. Let it be remembered, also, that the postage is *just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for a club, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

EMPLOYERS AND OPERATIVES.

The Pittsburg Factories, it appears, are now all under way again, with one exception. There was a compromise between the employers and the operatives. The Ten Hours system is to be adopted, with a reduction of 16 per cent. in the wages. Why could not this compromise have been hit upon at first, without a disturbance?

Our own opinion upon the matter is this. The operatives are right in the Ten Hours movement—ten hours a day is long enough for men and girls to work. And the employers are right also. They have to compete with the manufacturers of other states and of foreign countries, and it is just that the Legislature should remember this when making alterations of the laws. But still it would not do to hold on to our bad laws forever, because other states had laws of a similar bad character.—Some one must begin, and the beginning should be made; but, because it is a beginning, the change should not be too radical and sweeping. Employers and employed should move jointly in such matters. The employed, for the sake of *reform*; the employers, for the same reason, and also to guard that great immediate evil be not done by forcing certain kinds of business out of the state. The interests of both parties, though antagonistical to a certain degree, are identical to a far greater extent. They may be antagonistical so far as a division of the profits is concerned, but they are identical when the question arises whether there shall be any business or profits at all. It would therefore be well for each party to try and understand, more correctly than at present, the position of the other. Let employers learn to look at those under them as men, and not as mere doers of certain kinds of work; and let workmen learn to regard their employers as men who have rights and ...

[illegible]

IRELAND.

[illegible]

AMERICAN DELEGATES.

[illegible]

PEACHES.

[illegible]

A POOR TRICK.

[illegible]

A BULL.

[illegible]

PARIS.

[illegible]

ROME.

[illegible]

THE COTTON CROP.

[illegible]

SMITH O'BRIEN.

[illegible]

WILL GAS EXPLODE.

[illegible]

THE CANDIDATES.

[illegible]

PRETTY GOOD.

[illegible]

CATHOLICISM.

[illegible]

A NEW PAPER.

[illegible]

CLUB.

[illegible]

NIAGARA FALLS.

[illegible]

THE POTATO CROP.

[illegible]

OURSELVES.

[illegible]

FREE SOIL MEETING.

[illegible]

MISSING NUMBERS.

[illegible]

ADVANTAGES OF MATRIMONY.

[illegible]

THE TAYLOR PLATFORM.

[illegible]

Our Correspondents

LETTER FROM GRACE GREENWOOD.

[illegible]

... Brighton, Pa., Aug. 22nd.

... I did not finish my letter ... constant calls upon my time prevented my giving any per... There were so many dear, ... old friends to visit, that I ...

[illegible]

GRACE GREENWOOD.

GERRIT SMITH.

Gerrit Smith, the Presidential candidate of the "vote yourself a farm" men, and a portion of the Abolitionists, has written the following letter to the editor of the "Model Worker."

To the Editor of the Model Worker:—A fortnight ago, the newspapers were saying that I had written a letter to the Buffalo Convention, advising the nomination of Mr. Van Buren. They are now saying that I have written a letter refusing to withdraw my name from the Presidential canvass. Permit me to inform your readers that I am entirely innocent of both these indelicate and foolish things, of which the newspapers accuse me. I stood in no such relation to that Convention as would allow me to communicate with it; and as the withdrawal of my name from the Presidential canvass, that, if it be done, must be done by those who put it there. I neither put it there nor gave them my consent to put it there. Moreover, though they are but a handful, they are distinguished for their wisdom and integrity, and are, therefore, competent to determine their duty.

GERRIT SMITH.

Peterboro, Aug. 26, 1848.

THE YOUNG ONES.

Two of Uncle Sam's young ones, Texas and New Mexico, seem a little disposed to kick up a rumpus. Texas says that a considerable portion of New Mexico rightly belongs to her; while New Mexico appears by no means disposed to submit to this claim, but says she is able to elect officers and make laws for the whole of her territory. Uncle Sam will have his hands full, one of these days, if his family goes on increasing at the rate it has done for some years past.

FOREIGN NEWS.

SEVEN DAYS LATER

CAPTURE OF MEAGHER AND OTHERS—ADVANCE IN BREADSTUFFS—STATE TRIALS, &c.

The following is an abstract of the news brought by the Niagara. For the tone of it the English papers are responsible.

IRELAND.

[illegible]

ENGLAND.

[illegible]

FRANCE.

[illegible]

Political Intelligence

GEN. TAYLOR'S OPINIONS.

[illegible]

POLITICAL ITEMS.

[illegible]

LETTER FROM GEN. CASS.

[illegible]

LEWIS CASS.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

[illegible]

THE CHOLERA.

[illegible]

New Publications.

[illegible]

EFFECT.

[illegible]

CATTLE MARKETS.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS, SEPT. 7.

[illegible]

BALTIMORE TOBACCO MARKET.

[illegible]

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1865.

THE CHESTER COUNTY BANK ROBBERY.

There have been, recently, says the *Daily News*, some good stories told about detectives—but confidence in the Chester County Bank Robbery, and two or three additional ones have thrown the others quite white others, well known to the community, are ashamed. We are not as yet at liberty to note the facts which have come to our knowledge; but it will be sufficient to know that there is now a probability that the perpetrators of the robbery will be secured. Robert H. Lackey other Harper, who was arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the affair, has implicated several others, some of whom are fled; and the matter will now be pushed to the bottom.

In addition to this, we learn from the *North American*, that "Edward McGarvey was held to bail in $6,000, by E. M. Lee, Recorder, on Saturday, on a charge implicating him in the robbery of the Chester County Bank."

We learn further, that there is a great probability that a large portion of the money—some $20,000—will be recovered. Lackey, it appears, has turned State's evidence, and a special messenger will be sent as soon as Dr. Darlington—President of the Chester County Bank, from whom the valise, containing the money was stolen—has conferred with Lackey, he instantly identified him as the person who took the valise. It will be left in the basement before the robbery was committed, and who disappeared with the valise. The messenger came no further than the basement before the robbery was committed, and who disappeared with the valise. Thus, by a curious chain of circumstances, the thin singular robbery bids fair of foretold ref.—*Germantown Telegraph.

TO FRUIT GROWERS.

A Convention of Fruit Growers is to be held at Judson's Hotel, in New York, commencing on the 19th of October. The object of the meeting is to compare fruits from various sources and localities, with a view of arriving at correct nomenclature and classification, to settle disputed synonymous, and to assist in determining the synonyms by which the same fruit is known in different parts of the country, and generally to elicit and disseminate information in regard to the best methods in a certain spirit of intercourse among horticulturists. Persons attending the Convention are requested to furnish with them carefully labelled, specimens of all fruits grown in their vicinity that may be of service in the way of old or original branch of horticulture.

Agricultural and Horticultural Societies are invited to send delegates and transmit at an early day a list of their delegates to T. B. Peterson, Secretary of the American Pomological Society, New York.

CAUTION TO FARMERS.

A farmer named Hibbard, residing in the neighborhood of Rochester, N. Y., was recently robbed in this city, in a truly melancholy manner. While at his hotel, he left the struggling of a horse in the stable, and proceeded to see what was the cause of it. He found the horse climbing with his fore feet upon the manger, in order to get at the salter in a manner, he was drawn down and trampled upon from head to tail, and received injuries of thirty minutes afterwards. The horse belonged to another person. The deceased was sixty years of age.

Mr. Calhoun and the Rebs.—Mr. Calhoun's recent assertion that he had never been a rebel, or owned, has induced a writer in one of the newspapers to look up the very remarkable record that he is been, with the following texts of Scripture, which show that if Jefferson was wrong when he said that "rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God," Mr. Calhoun was wrong when he denied that he was a rebel:

"Let me go to Jericho and hide myself in the wilderness."—Judges, xvi. 2.

"Though men be here like a wild ass' colt."—Job, xi. 12th.

"Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble."—Job, xiv.

"And then the first man that was born" (it was then made before the hills?) "was Calhoun."—Job, xv. 7.

"Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?"—Malachi, ii. 10.

"Remember the days of the years."—Deut. xxxii. 7.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 196—adults 63, and children 133.

Items of News.

Horrid Holocaust.—The New Orleans Bulletin contains a letter, which is said to be perfectly sincere, and one which that paper received from a Mexican gentleman of great intelligence and influence, which says that the Emperor Max is the idol of Mexico, at this time, a single unpaid debt contracted by any officer of the army of occupation. We doubt very much, if the Emperor could command better behavior from the corps of a victorious army in a campaign of over two years in an enemy's country.

Secret Action the Mississippi.—Several years ago Mr. Ellet, the successful engineer of the Niagara Suspension Bridge, proposed to the citizens of St. Louis, to construct a bridge, single, across the Mississippi River, at that place. The possibility of bridging such an undertaking was considered, and the matter was dropped; but now that the Niagara Bridge has been completed, attention is seriously directed to Mr. Ellet's proposition by the people of St. Louis.

The Mystery of Mr. Surratt.—Let it, says the Cleveland Times, convicted from Small by Mr. Seaton, state that conclusive have been recently made to the Government favoring the association of the late J. L. Schoolcraft, now that Paris, as the wife of Lieut. Tolles, the officer who was subsequently murdered on the train between Canada and Detroit.

New Way Cure.—A curious law question, it is said, will rise out of the events of June in Paris. A National Guard, before repairing to the barricades, had made his will, and left a large estate to his brother. He was killed by a ball, which passed through the will, and carried away with it the figure afford to many of the bequests made in the testament. The question now is, how are the gaps thus caused to be filled up?

Fusion in Tax.—Professor Reid, of the N. Y. College of Pharmacy, has recently discovered a new fossil that is characterized as remarkable by the dentine in tow. Some kind of lower animal has eaten, and, by the aid of coloring matter, embalmed the whole in a substance resembling tow. When this fabulous article is put into water and allowed to remain for a short time, the animal matter is found precipitated at the bottom of the vessel.

New Invention.—A locomotive that sets the windows of the new cathedral in that place are being finished with very beautiful figures of peril imitation of stained.

"How," said Mr. Mossel to Mr. Tiles, "can you accomplish so much in so short a time? I have been engaged upon my picture all day, and yet I have not finished it." "I have," replied Mr. Tiles, "a particular thing to do; I am a tailor."

Gas drinking was brought into fashion by William III.; at St. James' Palace, where his majesty used to drink gas and water, as a cure for gout.

"Ephraim," said Simon, "what do you mean by yellen back like, when gallanting his sweetheart through a shower?" "Why," replied Ephraim, looking at his boots, "he has to work the appearance of a rain lease."

The Rainbow.—Although it is as hot as fire, (says a late letter from Havana,) the Habaneros have still time to admire the beauties of the rainbow. They beat the Africans in standing the heat. They attend the ballet, theatres and concerts every night, and feel comfortable when a Cape Cod Yankee would be melted by the heat. Several theatres have been open the whole summer.

Outrages on the Mississippi.—Several outrages have been committed on the Mississippi, it is said, by a party of 5 Texans. They have been committing in society, and from whose better conduct was expected. Several letters are said to have been sent to jury acknowledgments and wholly unpunishable contributions, and his name has been successfully taken in subscribing such contributions.

Boundaries.—The Trustees of Hampden Sidney College, Va., have determined to sell a portion of said a permanent fund of $50,000 by means of subscriptions of $100 each, entitling the subscriber to advance to a share in the profits of the college. The plan, with the privilege of appointing his successor for twenty years, has been entirely successful.

A Rebel Exploit.—A public functionary in Paris who recently visited the hospitals, asked of the surgeon in attendance, "Doctor, how many insane cases have you here?" "I have only one insane case," was the answer.

The South Offering Cash or New York.—The Chief, it is stated, has broken up. The Tammany entered the money collected to the Comes, and from by a tumultuous vote the Club decreed its own dissolution.

The Potato Disease.—The following directions, derived from practical experience, are well deserving of attention: 1. Let all early potatoes that are ripe be immediately taken up. 2. Exclude the stalks of all others every day. 3. Whenever you find any stalk diseased, put your foot one inch to each side of it and pull it up, leaving the tubers in the ground—do not cut the stalk off, but pull it up by the roots. 4. Then trend down and harden the ground over the potatoes, and trench it up. 5. Burn the diseased stalks; do not, on any account, leave them on the ground. 6. All the late potatoes should remain in the ground and be dug up as they are wanted for the table, and not more until the appearance, exposure to the air is found to increase it.

Proposition.—The National Intelligencer contains an immense list of Army promotions in general and commissions now in Mexico. All the brigadier Generals are made Major Generals by Brevet; Colonels Riley, Harney, Garland, Clarke, Morgan, Childs, Sumner, Twiggs, Trenchler, Churchill, Whiting, Belknap, Smithhead and Totten, are made Brigadiers by Brevet; and all the Brevet officers are very generally advanced one or more steps, so that nearly the opportunities they had in Congress themselves.

Texas Bell.—A good deal closer is to come of Rockport, Aransas Springs, Lavaca. On the night of September and six hundred bonds were to unite in the class, and at dawn are exceedingly plentiful. There will be very many of the people of the Springs who has got up this deer chase, has a bear fight every Thursday at noon. This is one the march of Sherman in different sections of the Union. It is a very good chance and a bear fight.

A Corporation Suspended.—The officers of an Insurance Company, in the town of Pittsburgh, Allegheny, Pa., has been sued by a person for carrying a daughter only fifteen years of age, without the consent of her parents. The plaintiff recovered under an old law, which inflicts a penalty of fifty pounds.

Newspaper Item.—Accounts from Brownsville state that the coming crop promises to be abundant throughout the whole of Southern Texas. The cotton of most situation to which they have been planted, but also to amply provide for the future.

Clippings.

Poetry forms its professors to no definite human character. Like human beings in their thinks, they can put themselves in all sorts of things and supporting positions; but they are generally useless on the road.

If the rat had wings, we had would be left to the cat, and the bird would be left to wishing, the wish would have anything?

Why Virginia's fabrication to be very wealthy? because his is self rec prude.

The art of advertising is the same to a tradesman as the art of dressing is to beauty. The great secret with both is to expose enough to excite curiosity, and to conceal enough to excite no curiosity ungratified.

An old gentleman accused his servant, among other faults, of having stolen his wick. The servant protested positive innocence. "Why, you rascal," repeated the complainant, "that the wick could never have walked off with itself." "Certainly not," said the Attorney for the defendant, "unless it was a walking stick."

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Hard political cider as we have called "Rosecrans" and "Millerism," and political mouthings as "Seymour" and "Blair," are "Pickle" "Invisibles" and "Scourge." All this is very digested and interesting.

In four years the ragged schools in London and others in Scotland have received into their system nine sixty. About eighty paid teachers are now employed, and about eight hundred voluntary teachers. The average attendance during the past year was 5,000 on Sundays, 3,000 on week days, and 2,500 on each evening.

The abolition of the punishment of death, which has been tried by the Russian Government, for a majority of 230 to 146.

An exchange says that if G. W. Dixon had been appointed Governor of Texas, as he once aspired to, he might have been *running for President*. The New York Sun replies, that if he had not been detained in that expedition, he would probably have been running for *Governor*.

Longfellow's Evangeline has been honored by a republication in England, of two rival editions, and a translation into the German language.

The Mormon Temple, at Nauvoo, has been purchased by Mr. Jesse Bennet, for the purpose of converting it into a Protestant College.

The city of Mexico was captured at New Orleans on the 15th ult., for Canton, took out 100 bales of cotton.

There are now eighty divisions of the Sons of Temperance in Georgia. Last October there were but seventeen.

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LATEST NEWS!

FROM MEXICO.

Vera Cruz dates have been received to the 17th ult.

News from the interior announces the gradual submission of the elements of disorder, which were called into active operation by the recent Juarista insurrection, into the wholesome regularity of peace and tranquility. The public faculties are introducing conciliations everywhere, under the Imperial cross administration of Mexico. Liberty a plan of prison discipline was submitted to the Chamber of Deputies, by the Minister of the Interior, in which a timely desire is expressed to institute the Penitentiary system in our own country. It seems a very remarkable feature in the new order of things which now reigns in Mexico, existing there will be carried out in a more reparative manner, so wish for recuperative power, in the character of the people.

The Republican Regulator announces that an official notice was lately published in the Gazette Gazette, giving an account of a battle which occurred over the Indian insurrectionists in Guatemala some months ago, in disputing of the late war in Chiapas, states that more is to be learnt from the collision of parties in that State than in the war of castes.

Intelligence has reached the Capital of the final evacuation of the city of Mobile, by the Confederate troops. It took place on the 19th ult.

The *Echo de Ultramar* of the 19th contains the people that on the day preceding, just one twelvemonth ago, the American forces took up a position in front of the city; when the Confederate flag was established by the National Guard and the citizens in general, to hasten its departure. All was, however, useless, and the hopes of victory were found to vanish before defeat. That paper adds the remarks that the recollection should not fade from their minds; it deems it a duty to freshen the memory, as a useful lesson.

Fatherland.—Information has reached the Government, and the people from among the Indians in San Juan de Ulua, that the Mexican Government has been by the authorities, since the evacuation—that they will respect the late acts of the authorities of the country, and be ready to aid the latter in suppressing any turbulence that might manifest themselves public order. A copy of the resolutions was presented to the Prefect, who has given to it a friendly reception, assuring the American merchants that they were safe as persons and property, under the Mexican laws, and promising every desire to facilitate the most amicable relations with them and their countrymen.

The greatest desire is felt and expressed by the Mexican Government, and the pronounced members of the people, for the establishment of immigration. The Government of States are exhorted by the Executive to be up every facility to foreigners coming into the country; the latter are to be treated with the utmost kindness and consideration on announcing their intention to make the country the home of their adoption. The authorities of the States are to be instructed to afford nominate to the Government the names, occupations, &c., of strangers, immediately after their arrival.

Miscellaneous.

THE CHOLERA.

A correspondent of the Ledger extracts from a recent German publication, the following remarks relative to the Cholera:

The Cholera appeared for the first time in India, in 1826. Thence, it advanced through the Gulf of Persia, to Astrakan, on the Caspian Sea, and to Moscow and Petersburgh in 1830. It next appeared at Nijni Novgorod, and in the Polish provinces in 1831, at Berlin and its progress. Beloyd is the country where the Cholera is an endemic disease, that is, where it is found the whole year round, though a variety of a very malignant character. It was there, where, in 1817, the first time of its appearing, it suddenly spread with great rapidity, and assumed a most mortal feature. In that year, the fete of Bairam, in which, after extraordinary fasting, many orgies are passed, was wholly feasted. The Ganges and the rich country on its fields, and were not molested by hawks and wild hogs. In the summer of 1817, the Cholera made its appearance in Afghanistan, in the countries of Sind and Aden, at the entrance of the Gulf of Persia, in Arabia, Iran, Armenia, Mesopotamia, Syria, Asia Minor, and in many places of central India, say, even on the Island of Ceylon. From there it came northward, to Bokhara. The malignant character prevailed throughout. Then, at Tarsha, in the country of Gudi, it broke out with the fatal of the 10,000 inhabitants, in Bagdad, 7,000 people fell a sacrifice to that plague, and a census of 40,000 souls, in Bassora, 16,000 fell a victim to it. Marsa, was wisely destroyed.

After these terrible ravages the further news of the Cholera reached Europe; when in May, 1817, it suddenly appeared again at Tiflis, through a single soldier from, spreading over the whole of European Russia to Moscow. As in 1817 and 1830 it reached Europe by the same way, it is to be feared that on the western frontier of the government of Russia, the next world be so large as the great train of Nast'ka.

A splendid plough has been presented by some gentlemen of Cumberland, to Mr. J. W. Faraday, member of Congress from Crawford, for his defeat of an attempt to have Wood's wagon again printed. Wood being dead some twenty years, and the printed matter having been out of date ever since.

The new Republic of Liberia is exercising the warmest sympathies of our benevolent citizens. A gentleman of Fairfield, Conn., has thrown open to the colored people from Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, to form a State of the Liberia confederacy. Another gentleman is endeavoring to get the same consisted one hundred thousand dollars to establish a college in Liberia.

I've loved now Tadpoles under a rose.
I've loved now Tadpoles under a rose.
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I've loved now, deep who can.

The Wheeling Times says that the windows of the new cathedral in that place are being finished with very beautiful figures of peril imitation of stained.

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MACBETH.

**Macbeth broke no law of hospitality in his attempt on Duncan's life. He entached and slew the King of a place called Inchgarvie, at the Queen's house, near Elgin, in 1020, and not, as has been supposed, in his own Castle of Inverness. The act was bloody, it was the conspiracy of the times; but in very truth, the claim of Macbeth to the throne, according to the rules of succession, was better than that of Duncan. As a King, the tyrant so much exclaimed against Scott, perhaps, is just and unjustifiable Prince. Indeed the authorities show us as much person as Banquo and even Fleance, who have been wont to think that the latter even fled farther than Macbeth thus across the fal scene according to the stage direction. Fleance, however, is not to be confounded with the heroes of himself. All these things are now of which does not any fool himself of any interest, nor is in the midst of a most heterogeneous company, gathered together without any earthly attendance to dinner or complaisance, and from which one at last escapes, thankful to find himself again at his own quiet fireside—especially having the nothing shall ever again tempt him to exchange his comfortable evening hood the hat of Macbeth in the Scottish chronicles of Hallingshed, adorned with a tartan similar to that with which the Queen of the ear often inserts some fragment of plaid, which, though shining at a distance with the lustre of a diamond, is, by close investigation, discovered to be of no worth or estimation.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

Three Faces of Nurse.—1. To lazy is a lady's style, when the same words in an endearing tone would please as well. 2. The reverse shrill is of complete inquisitiveness, a thorough knowledge of the affairs of the whole neighborhood. 3. The sweet, soothing, and tender voice, which is the result of complete inquisitiveness, a thorough knowledge of the affairs of the whole neighborhood.

Advertising Extraordinary.—The following is the latest advertisement we have seen in the Boston papers:—

A GENTLEMAN, who has just published the following works, at 25 cents each, or any five of them for one dollar—

Lois Gonesse; or, the Free Sisters. By Mrs. GREY.
The Baronet's Bride. By Mrs. GREY.
The Little Wife; a Record of Matrimonial Life. By Mrs. GREY.
The Rich Heir of the Family. By Mrs. GREY.
The Duke and the Cousin. By Mrs. GREY.
Well Loved; a Record of Woman's Life. By Mrs. GREY.
The Manoeuvring Mother. By Mrs. GREY.
The Old Dower House. By Mrs. GREY.
Alice Seymour. By Mrs. GREY.
Hyacinthe; or, the Contrast. By Mrs. GREY.
Lucy Hardinge. By Mrs. GREY.
Love in a Cottage. By T. S. ARTHUR.
Lucy Sandford; or, Out of Debt, Out of Danger. By T. S. ARTHUR.
Insubordination; or, the Shoemaker's Daughters. By T. S. ARTHUR.
Temptation; or, the Perils of Intemperance. By T. S. ARTHUR.
The Fortune Hunter. By Mrs. ANNA CORA MOWATT. (Her last.)
Sandwiches, the Slave; Lucretia. By Mrs. GREY.
The Life of Harry Thomas, the Western Burglar and Murderer, full of engravings.
Arthur's Illustrated Almanac for 1865. Full of engravings.
Oliver's Annual Register, Reports, Tables, &c., &c., &c., full of gems.
Professor Liebig's celebrated work on Agricultural Chemistry. Complete.
Godey's Lady's Book for 1865. By Frederic Tuthill, complete, in one volume.
Mesopotamia; or, the True Art of Hunting the Buck. By the celebrated Dr. Hollick.
Father Christian. By Horace Kennedy. A novel of intense interest, full of engravings.
The Abbey of Inismaydn. By Grace Kennedy, author of "Father Clement."
Discoveries of the Industrious practised at Rose Bank in the Nineteenth Century. By Rattalie Crocket, formerly a Broadcaster and Common Mail.
The Immortal; a Story of Rome. By Charlotte Bury.
Flirtation; or Real Scenes in Life. By Lady Charlotte Bury.
The Beautiful French Girl; or the Daughter of Monsieur Pantalettes.
Legends of Mexico; or the Halt; or Old Rough and Ready. By George Lippard.

T. B. PETERSON also publishes the following, at their respective prices:

The Highlands of Hudson, one cent each. By Major W. Cornell Jones.
Life in Paris. By G. W. M. Reynolds, author of "Mysteries of the Court of London," "Joseph Wilmot," &c., &c., full of engravings, 25 cents.
Schiller's History of the Revolution in Spain, complete, 25 cents.
Professor Liebig's Complete Treatise on Animal and Vegetable Chemistry, bound, 624 pp.
Outlines of Anatomy and Physiology, with a large detached plate of the Human Figure, colored to show the Circulation, 75 cents.

Dr Cormenin's History of the Popes of Rome, from the Birth of Christ to the present time, in a volume, bound, full size, 624 pages, with a splendid portrait of the present Pope Pius IX. Cardinals, etc., in full costume, price $1. The whole work is also issued in two cheap volumes, with the portrait, price $1 each. Either of the above works will be sent by mail, free of postage, on receipt of the price. Agents wanted in every town and county in the United States, to whom liberal terms will be given. Specimen copies sent by mail, free of postage, on receipt of price. Address all orders, post paid, to

T. B. PETERSON, No. 98 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

And they will be faithfully attended to, and forwarded by return of Mail, Express, Rail Road, Stage, or Steamboat, as may be desired. Persons can also be identified to the above by writing to us.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison street, Chardon, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States, succeeding *James R. Smith, J. T. Dent, T. Gardner Smith, Frederick F. Hauser, John W. Arnold, Thomas Wright, E. M. Sumner, and W. F. Wheeler.*

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, 167 South Tenth street, Philadelphia, is our general travelling agent for the States of Pennsylvania and South Western States, succeeding *S. Wright, William H. Wild, G. W. B. Jones, J. W. Ord, T. B. Peterson, John Collins, Jonathan Lane, Isaac D. Gasper, R. S. James and Hale Barton.*

Mr. HENRY R. LEWIS of Montgomery, Ala., is our general travelling agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE only collects for us in Boston.

CHAS. D. BOWLBY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of Ohio.

WILLIAM H. SMITH, Jr., Ballard, N. Carolina, is Agent for that paper.

CHAS. W. HARVEY is our only Collector of New Jersey.

FRANCIS SHEPHERD, &c. &c. for the Eastern States.

JUSTUS WHITE, New York, is our only Collector of New Jersey.

J. L. STROUD, in Ohio, &c.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained regularly of the following Agents:

JAMES A. GILBERT & CO., Publishers, No. 114 Nassau street, New York.

HOUPERHORST & CO., Boston, Mass.
J. M. DUNCAN, Montgomery, Alabama.
A. C. HOBBIAN, New Orleans, La.
T. GRAHAM, Baltimore, Md.
H. M. P. MORRE, Petersburg, Va.
T. W. STAFFORD & CO., Richmond, Va.
CRAWFORD'S PARK, Norwich, Connecticut.

Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots.

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY IN CONSUMPTION.

We extract an article from the New Era, published at Lowell, Mass., of August 19, 1865, by Dr. Jonathan Eng. the reputes of medicine, and have in the following words:—

"Within a year or two there has been a great increase in the consumption of the drugs, produced by cold and exposure, and the use of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry has been very extensive. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of last week, we sold more than a dozen bottles of this medicine, which is truly a wonderful. The cough was dry and hard, causing intense pain in the breast and sides, and the Balsam relieved it up in hope of relief, when we thought of the Balsam. We got a bottle, and in less than an hour after the first dose was taken the cough was relieved, the expectoration free, and almost entirely free a good night's rest, which he had not had for many nights before. We now know another case, as nine mother, and we have no doubt that many more will be found in the vicinity of the streets and various places that had been afflicted with this terrible disease. We have no hesitation in recommending it to the public, and hope, when required from the drugs with consumption, that they will not neglect to procure a bottle of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, which is confirming here of its virtues at the Business, on corner of Prince and Market street, Frederick Brown, corner of Fifth and Chestnut streets, and by druggists generally throughout the country.

ALMANACS.

Date.	M'N	H'N	Moon rises	Moon's ages
Friday	5.43	6.11	11.15	27
Saturday	5.45	6.9	11.45	28
Sunday	5.46	6.7	morning	29
Monday	5.48	6.5	12.15	0
Tuesday	5.49	6.3	12.45	1
Wednesday	5.51	6.1	1.15	2
Thursday	5.52	5.59	1.45	3
Friday	5.54	5.57	2.15	4
Saturday	5.55	5.55	2.45	5

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

Aug.	9 A. M.	12 M.	3 P. M.
29	70	80	80
30	70	80	80
31	70	80	80
Sept. 1	70	80	80
2	70	80	80
3	70	80	80
4	70	80	80

Married.

On the 31st ult. by the Rev. L. Noble, Mr. Wm. C. Wheeler, of Milton, Del. to Miss Mary Elizabeth Ann Hall, of Philadelphia.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Jacobus, Mr. Thomas Hall, to Miss Mary Ann Hall, both of Philadelphia.

On the 29th ult. by Francis Cunningham, to preserve Miss Mary Ann Hall, both of Philadelphia.

**On the 29th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Jacobus

Selected Poetry.

LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY: AND HOW TO GAIN THEM.

FROM THE LONDON PUNCH'S BOOK.

I.

We want no flag, no flaming rag,
For Liberty to fight!
We want no laws of murderous gaze
To struggle for the right.
Our system and our creed are printed words,
The mind our basis plain;
We're true men and citizens before,
And so we will again.

II.

We want no crowns of tarnish'd fame—
They soon are brightest stone
To put in Liberty's diadem,
Enriches her civic laws.
Our writers these are the people's hope
In hungriest times and pain;
Their pens are the surest the world before,
And so they shall again.

III.

We yield to none as earnest love
Of Constitution's cause.
We join the cry "Parliament,"
We tramp the stretch of time,
And set the grim petty pelt not upon
Our true ancient claim.
We've won it once, we've won it before,
And so we will again.

IV.

We want no toil of barricade
To show a front to wrong!
We have a scutcher in truth,
Stern stanchin and strong.
Came words, a true weapon, which to win,
Have never sworn a an vain,
They've been our battle-money a time,
And so they shall again.

V.

Peace, knowledge, progress, brotherhood—
The answer may name,
The bad deny: but we will
To one their triumph name.
We writers' grave-mind! and our cause
No kind of brethren slain.
We've won without one such sad incline,
And so we will again.

Selected Sketch.

THOMAS KENDALL'S FIRST NIGHT IN THE CITY.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY EVA MILFORD.

On a bright sunshiny morning in June, there was a little group standing at old Farmer Kendall's door, watching to catch the first glimpses of the Boston stage, coming over the hill. Thomas, the farmer's son, was going to the great city, to purchase the goods with which to open a new store, which was to be the wonder of his native village.

This had long been a favorite plan with Thomas and now that he was near realizing it, he seemed almost beset upon it, that the old farmer had at last consented, and even offered a few hundred dollars for him, as his own personal security. To the lad was added a few hundred dollars which had been left to Thomas by his grandmother, and which had been drawn from the bank of the n-ighboring town only the day before that on which the young man was to commence his journey.

The stage at last appeared on the brow of the hill, and little Red was comically despatched to look for his brother in the garden, where he was enjoying farewell to his betrothed, the daughter of a neighboring farmer, to whom the young gallery merchant was much attached.

The parting into a-ide, no doubt very interesting to the lovers, but not so much so to the mother, who now sat silent by the abrupt commencement from little Red that the coach was coming, and that his brother must hurry to the house, or he would not be in time.

"Good bye, then, dearest Mary," said the young man; "I shall be back in a week, and then at another, you know what we are to be married."

The arrows were at the house—there were parting speeches and admonitions, from father, mother and brothers, and sisters, a tearful look from Mary and the young man was gone.

Leaving the happy family at home, to their pastand quiet life, let us follow the young trader to the great emporium of learning, business, and, alas! of vice.

Thomas had never been in Boston, nor indeed out of his native State of Maine, and many were the anxious injunctions had been given by his father and among others, to be sure and deliver his letters of introduction to his father's old friend, Mr. Somerton, as soon as possible after his arrival.

"For then," said the old man, "he can give you advice about selecting your goods, and the best merchants to go to, for Boston is a dreadful place, and a young man, may go astray there very easy."

Thomas promised and intended to fulfil; but when he arrived in Boston, of about noon the next day, he found that he must first rest before he could go to Mr. Somerton's house. As he sat in the coffee-room very quietly, looking at the various current of life which passed past the windows, he was addressed by a respectable looking and well dressed man, who observed to him:

"Rather an interesting scene that indeed, especially to a gentleman who has not been much out of old."

"Very true; but how did you know that I had not been much of the city?"

A slight shade of confusion crossed the lip of the stranger, but was instantly gone, and he exclaimed, answered:

"Oh, I can generally tell. But excuse up to my room, won't you, and take a good glass of old Madeira with me?"

"Thank you, sir," replied the young man, "but I never drink any thing intoxicating."

"Tee-total, my dear young friend, that you have some principles, I presume that a home you from the country, but you must learn, don't you?"

"Yes, sir," said Thomas, at the same time something very much how the stranger could know much of his private affairs. "Yes, sir, I think that but what I must was, that I never drink brandy, or rum, or any thing of that sort."

"No, indeed, I should be greatly rejoiced to stranger," and I should be the very last person to tempt you to it, but this Madeira of which I speak is extremely mild—a complete lady's wine; you might drink a whole bottle and not feel it in the least. But what I principally asked you up for was because your face seemed to me strongly a sense old friend of mine, but since it is I cannot be my life remember. May I ask your name?"

"Thomas Kendall, sir."

"Good heavens! you must be the son of my old business friend and companion, Kendall—I beg that he had settled down into a steady, sober trader, here in this?"

"Why, I didn't know that he was ever any thing else. But what is your name, sir? Perhaps I have heard him and he told you what."

"My name is Green—Charley Green, but I gave your father would be in doubt to recollect me by me, for he and I used to have some gay times together, and he would not care to tell you, but I might weaken the effect of all the good opinion that he gave you, I suppose. But come along sir, with me! I want to hear about my old friend, and what you have, and what, etc."

Thomas accordingly followed Mr. Green to a table, modestly suggesting himself upon the invitation of the latter, and after a few glasses of wine Green produced the bottle of wine, and told his lad he never had found fault a bottle of the kind with him, but he found that he could not drink it first glass was gone, and Mr. Green filled it again. Thomas made no objection.

It was really marvelous to see to how very short a time the lad had contrived to open to Green all the particulars of his business—in-deed, how much money he had with him, and to whom his letter of introduction was addressed.

"Ah yes, my good friend Somerset," exclaimed he, when the letter was presented to him by the lad, and stood he happy to accompany you to his house, if you please."

"That's you, my dear fellow!" said Thomas who had become hugely entertained with his new friend and his wine. "And we'll go right off, too!"

"I think we had better leave the gentleman, will be taking it amiss," he said. "I don't have but it will be as well to wait a little."

"And in the meantime," continued Mr. Green, "I'll treat your boy with this fine piece, as I am sure I have apprehend to meet a friend, to see what that time turned out. Shall we?"

"Why, master, I—I?"

"Oh, a place where most of the gentlemen's young men go to spend their spare evenings."

"Well, what to say in fact I don't know."

"Some lads, some said the newspapers, some playing cards, some home—or out door."

"Hooray! let's go at once. Go it! I'll be in attendance, etc."

"He's got on," Mr. Somerset—Mr. Green, gotten all his private affairs with a few expressions—consideration; "but I must get him out of this before I really lose me the scent."

"What's that you say, sir?" asked the cashier, at a thick voice.

"I was saying that we would have some tea before we went out, for I always like to be regular at my meals."

"Charley Green!" accordingly rang the bell, and had some tea brought up, and then, as Thomas had grown a little more quiet, both gentlemen sallied forth, and in a short time entered a fashionable looking house. Oh Mr. Green was a-ing a no less known words in the door who opened the door they were shown into a large saloon, magnificently furnished and lighted, where were assembled a number of young men, all busy with different games of cards. But the interiors of gaming houses have been so often described by those better versed than the task than myself, that I do not attempt it—as my object is only to tell a true story of the first week in my life.

At once on the two entered the hall, the dashing lighting group, with a cigar in his mouth, a glass up, and holding out his hand to Thomas's companion, said:

"How do you do, Green?"

"Ah! dear Carring, why will you persist in the disgraceful habit of sniffing the Devil's own tobacco in Green. There are many things going on here, but I never will allow that to be one of them, after me to introduce my friend, Mr. Kendall, to you."

Mr. Carring bowed with the most fashionable air. Mr. Green, or Cohen, and held out his hand familiarly to Thomas. He was, however, soon convinced from the very unpolitehess of his first project cloth, he was related to it would not like to have his "friend" from the country, who had promised to meet him and not arrived.

Thomas, of course, remonstrated, but did to avail since when his friend proposed that they should order dollars instead of counters. A demeaner of wine was upon the table, and Mr. Green was certain that Thomas's glass should never be empty. They had played several games, and Thomas had not ready won and lost ten dollars, when the man who had opened the door for them, rushed into the room exclaiming:

"The police!—the police! They are at both doors and will be in, in a moment! Some of the stage through the cellar is the only way left to escape!"

There was now a general rush for the cellar. Thomas, hardly able to walk, was dragged along by his friend, Mr. Green, but upon emerging from the cellar, the trash air deprived the young individual of his little remaining senses, and he fell upon the ground.

Mr. Green, who was a strong man, now took in his arms and ran with him for some distance, the feeling that the police were hard upon them, for on his burden upon the ground and began to rifle his pockets—but before he had found any-thing more valuable than a pocket handkerchief, two police officers turned the corner, and Mr. Green was obliged to leave his booty, and the unfortunate of the city's peace followed so fast that he had not time to assume the natural form of the young man lying upon the side-walk.

When Thomas Kendall next became conscious of anything, he found himself lying in a nice bed, and in a room in which he had never been before, but which was very low and crowded with very good and comfort. Upon a chair near the bed, lay his coat and pocket-money, while at a table in the middle of the room, a grave looking woman, of about thirty, was leaving his linen. The thought came home, but by silently came upon him that he was in the house of a respectable female, and that she looked respectable and intelligent, and—he was very hungry, please—for what the last meal better days." The expression of her face was sad and grave.

After regarding her for some time, Thomas made a slight noise, which caused the woman to turn around and exclaim:

"Good morning, sir!" said she, coldly.

"Good morning, madam," replied the young man, in some confusion. "Will you be kind enough to tell me where I am, and how I came here?"

"You are in my one room, sir, and my name is Sarah Smith, or as people generally call me, Widow Smith, and I got out to work by the day, as I came home last night, I found you lying in the street, and some people there said that you had been there full upon you, and I knew by the look of you that you had not drunk, so I thought I would help me, I have sent all the stages from the first glass," taken on our wedding day, to the time when I saw him in his coffin, a happy man while drunkard." And the widow wiped the tears from her eyes, as she spoke. "And as I managed to get you into the house and put you into my own bed, for I was going out to work by my neighbor's child, in the next room. And your clothes I have sponged and hung to the fire, and your money I put in the same pocket-book, and it is all there, and I have never any mind that anything was opened to be taken out of it, and I thought that I would leave you to come yourself before you examined it, and now I must go to work for her, very late for you."

Weeping, the good woman left the room, and Thomas, rising from his bed, began slowly to put on his clothes. But suddenly the thought came to his mind that he was very poor! He had but a little his pocket on going out, the day before, by Green's direction, and that was all he possessed in a first one pocket, and then another, the conviction came upon him that he was ruined, that he was ruined.

Mechanically he finished dressing, and then sat by himself into a chair, began to some keenly upon his prospects.

"I should be mad mind," said he, aloud, "my own personal dollars—it is the which my father has given me—but no, no, I have not the heart to take a be said to pay it. And then I cannot marry my many a year. Perhaps Mary will have to wait for me, for I have been a fool, a fool, a fool! I be so foolish as to trust that man! How could I forget all my good father's warnings, and instructions I have had? I wonder if it was that wicked one? It must be, it must be, and yet, no, she is too kind and good; and yet I could be a strong temptation to one in her circumstances."

At this moment the object of his thoughts entered the room, and Thomas, in a very confused manner, said:

"I forgot to tell you that I took your wallet at your request, and put it under your pillow, and that part of your money is my former concern," then counting the repository, the good woman produced the riches.

Thomas watched the wallet from her hand, and eagerly counted the money, till I found that the young man's heart swelled with joy at the sum of one hundred. He could not speak for a while, but mentally grossing the woman's hand, accepting a cup of coffee which she upon the table, he eated his tart and left the room.

He soon found his way back to the hotel, and in a few minutes he was in the office of Mr. Somerset, and delivering the letter of introduction, and the old gentleman, after reading it over, and looking over the particulars who had produced the letter, he said:

"Mr. Kendall, I am sorry that you have not been here sooner, for I have left my business forwarded by Sawyer, that is at the end of the week, and I am sorry with all the goods he had expected to select you, and several hundred dollars in his trust."

Soon after entering of letter, Thomas carelessly enquired of the letter if he had ever been acquainted or with a Mr. Charles Green. The old gentleman answered in the negative; but it was not for all the agents of a large firm in Boston, and had established as a merchant, and had for that cold to any one having any of the name. "Perhaps," to father or wife heard the account of his "first night in the city."—*Boston Traveller.*

Wit and Humor.

EPIGRAM ON MISS MEEK.

I have down in the grass
Some violets that smile, and sweetie her face
For her dark eye and sparkling cheek,
But more than all, for her name.
Why don't you love her, you say?
Why, I do love her, and pray
Wherefore dismiss me before,
Why should I love her more?

FAST THINGS EXAMPLED.—Tobin tells the following anecdote of a countryman of his, named Hodge, who was a great "character" in society:

"Barney had served five years in the Infantry, at other six in the Marine Artillery, and he shipped on the Dragoons. Barney—for that was his name—was of the commanding officer was continually calling out—"Hodge, Barney, turn out and clean my horse!" "Hodge, Barney, get me my breakfast!" "Hodge, Barney, get me my dinner!" "Hodge, Barney, get me my tea!" "Hodge, Barney, get me my supper!" "Hodge, Barney, get me my bed!" "Hodge, Barney, get me my boots!" "Hodge, Barney, get me my shaving water!" "Hodge, Barney, get me my hot water!" "Hodge, Barney, get me my cold water!" "Hodge, Barney, get me my clothes!" "Hodge, Barney, get me my sword!" "Hodge, Barney, get me my pistols!" "Hodge, Barney, get me my horse